

Fore Street, Oxford

On the evening of Oct. 31st a delightful time was passed with Mrs. E. E. Twitchell at the party given by her daughter, Mrs. Christina Brown, to the clerks of Z. L. Merchant's store where Mrs. Brown has employment. They spoke of it as a Boudoir Pillow Party, as making pillows was the pastime. Pillows of soft textures and all hues were constructed and much amusement given at suggestions offered. After the sewing was over dainty refreshments, with Halloween effects, were served and then Mrs. Brown conducted the ladies to her boudoir to exhibit the many gifts given her since her marriage which took place June 1, 1930. From the exclamations heard they all appreciated and admired to satisfy any bride. A few more minutes of sociability were enjoyed while they made ready for the ride home. A mutual good time for all was declared. Those present were Mrs. Harriet Porter, Mrs. Beryl Russell, Mrs. Muriel Edmons, Miss Doris Ledger, Mrs. Christina Brown, Mrs.

Flora Cummings, and Mrs. E. E. Twitchell. Miss Bell and Edith Wilson have closed their summer home here and have gone to Norway for a while with their sister, Mrs. Edward Winslow, Paris Street. Mrs. Roy Stearns has been away on a two weeks visit with her sisters and brothers in Wolf and Rumford. Ernest Matto's son George is quite sick at this writing and is under the doctor's care. Mrs. Rollin Dinsmore is working in the woolen mill at Oxford. Mrs. Will Twitchell has three of her grandchildren stopping with her while their mother has little Mary in the hospital for treatment. Sunday, Nov. 2, was a busy day at the Harriman field when two airplanes were there taking passengers at the rate of one cent a pound of their actual weight. Mrs. E. E. Twitchell has just returned from a ten days visit with her daughter, Mrs. Guy Giles, in Skowhegan. She returned home by auto with

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brown. Albert Twitchell and Stanley Wells recently shot a deer. Carol Cummings and wife spent Sunday afternoon with his mother, Mrs. Flora Cummings. Miss Mildred Smith visited her two friends, Louisa and Marion Twitchell, Sunday. Miss Retha Glover was calling on the Twitchells last Thursday, taking dinner with Mrs. E. E. Twitchell. E. E. Twitchell was in Portland Monday, buying fruit. Alvin Lovejoy is at his home putting it in readiness for winter, also getting the dirt into his hot house before the ground freezes. At the Fore Street school house a big Halloween party was held Friday evening with all spoofs, old witches and hobgoblins in attendance. Games were in order and pieces were spoken. There were plenty of eats and all declared it a good time. Mrs. Rolfe, who has been at A. B. Dwinell's, has returned to her home in Waterford.

Will Twitchell is working for Mike Reynolds, getting up his year's supply of wood. Mrs. Harriman is now shingling his stable and garage.

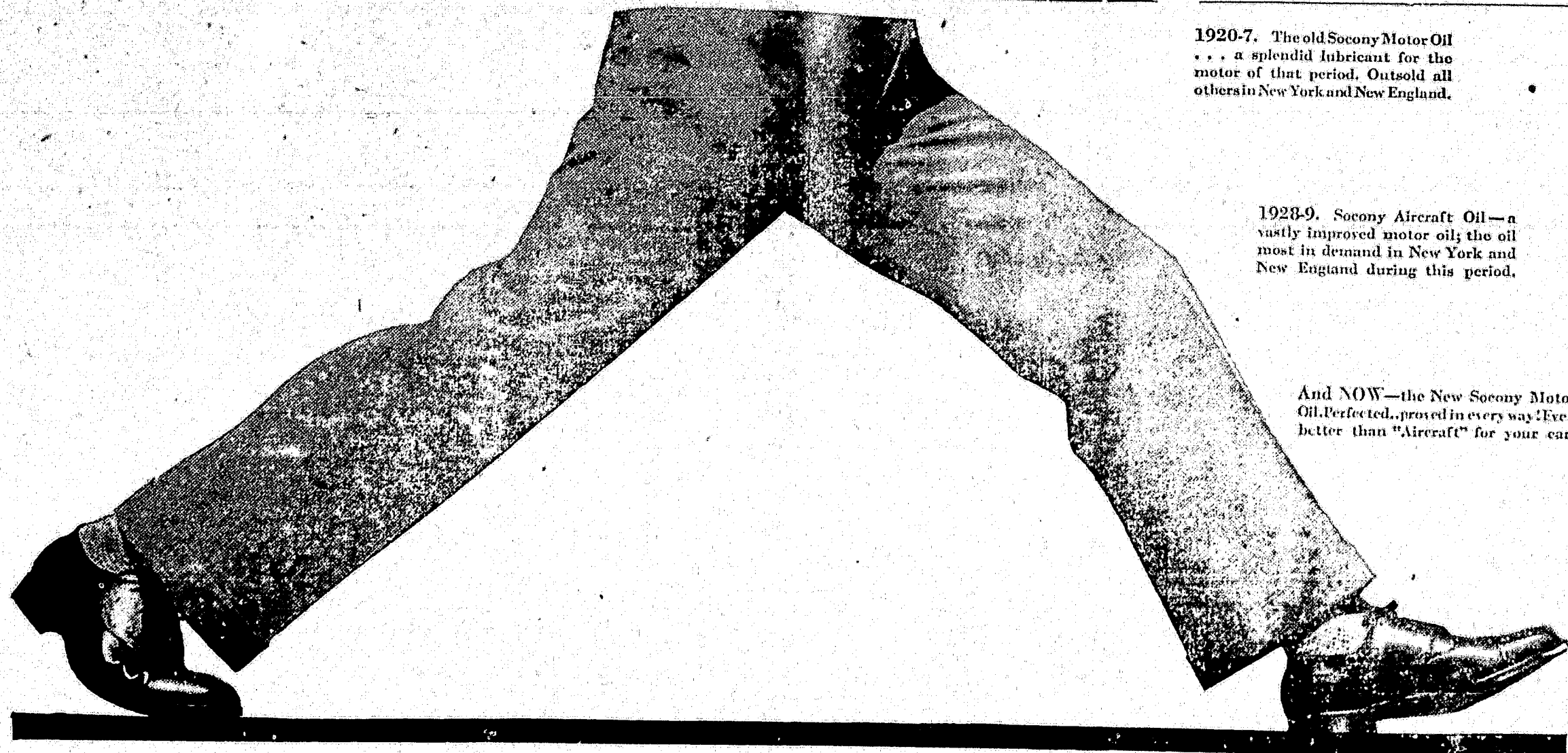
Perkins Valley, Woodstock

Sunday guests at Villa Silver's and Abner Benson's were Mr. and Mrs. Eli Benson, Mr. and Mrs. George Battles and son Lawrence of Saco. Will Johnson of Portland is boarding at Nelson Perham's for a while. Ned Herriek has moved his family into Charles Swinton's house. Mr. Herriek and Mr. Swinton will stay in camp on Paris Hill this winter. Earl Swinton shot a nice 150 pound doe last week. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Waterhouse will move in camp soon where Mr. Waterhouse will work for Alva Hendrickson this winter. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hendrickson and Mary, Mrs. Arthur Thurlow and children and Rose Perkins have gone to Massachusetts for a ten days visit.

NORTH BETHEL

J. W. Reynolds has a few hunters in his camp. Mrs. Don Smith and Mrs. Selma McPherson of Newry were in town Sunday. Guy Caldwell of Waterford was in town on business Saturday. John Spinnay was home over the week end from Crystal, N. H. H. A. Williamson of Upton was here and loaded a load of wood to Upton one day last week. Mrs. O. Demeritt and daughter Louise of Bethel were in Ketchum Sunday. A Halloween entertainment was held at the schoolhouse Friday night. A good attendance was reported. Candy was sold and fortunes told. Mrs. M. P. Enman and sons Guy and Arthur of Gorham, N. H., spent Sunday in town. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Carreau and Junior White of Rumford visited Richard and Lucille Carreau Sunday.

Frank Gorman and son Junior and friend of Berlin, N. H., were at the old Gorman place Sunday. Mrs. Albert Durand and daughter Evelyn and friend, Harold Enman, of Rumford Point were visitors in town Sunday. Charles Meino and children, Elizabeth and Carl, were visitors in Harrison Saturday. Mrs. Glenn Swan and children and Hilda Fleet were visitors in Rumford Saturday. Ivan Stowe of Rumford Point spent Saturday in Ketchum. Roger Reynolds is home for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Day of Locke Mills spent a few days in Ketchum recently. C. O. Demeritt of Bethel returned home from Ketchum Monday. Waldo Peaslee and Charlie Lane of Upton were business visitors in town Saturday. R. L. Foster was home over Sunday from Chain of Ponds.



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Somebody Cares

by A. J. Dunlap



The old plow hit a snag one day,
And in an angry fit
Exclaimed, "Oh! What a life I lead!
This time for me to quit,
They dig me through the stubble fields
Until I'm nearly dead,
And no one cares how hard I work,
The old plow sadly said.

An autumn zephyr heard the plow,
And cried, "Oh! What a pity
You cannot follow me about
Through countryside and city.
Why, everywhere, the children sing
About your patient toil,
And everybody praises you
And how you turn the soil."

The zephyr said, "I must be gone,
But I am sure somehow,
The old world knows and cares a lot
About your work, Friend Plow."
The old plow heaved a happy sigh,
For plows are just like men --
They like to feel that someone cares
About them now and then.

Officer Maloney on Duty

By HELEN ST. BERNARD

(Copyright.)

JOHN, old time, what's the matter? You haven't been acting as yourself for weeks. Sick?"

Officer John Maloney continued to stare the badge on the front of his coat with his sleeve.

"Spring fever, mebbe, Lieutenant. Besides, I'm gettin' old."

The men gathered in groups about the police station looked up and laughed. Lieutenant Sladen, at the desk, shook his head.

"You old, John? Never! Just as young as the day you joined the force—thirty-one years ago . . . bridegroom of two days."

"N' Maggie 'n me didn't take a honeymoon for eight years . . . then the little tad was just a year old."

He sat down heavily and refused a offered tin of tobacco. As Maloney was about to leave, Lieutenant Sladen called to him:

"Better see a doctor, John. We can't afford to lose John Maloney after thirty-one years of duty. You want to think about Maggie, too, and the little tad."

John Maloney smiled and swung his light club jauntily.

"Just you quit your worryin' about me. Faith, and I'm younger than all of you 'Nights."

Sladen laid down his pen and trotted over to a group of officers.

"I say, fellows, have you noticed anything wrong with Maloney? He's been actin' queer lately."

"We noticed it, but he won't talk about it. Says he's all right. I met Maggie in the grocery store yesterday and she looked as if she had been pin. But when I told her she looked sadder than she did twenty years ago, she said 'I'd been kissin' the Barney Stone. A fine woman, Maggie Maloney."

"What's the kid doing now?" asked Ryan as he bent over and tied his shoe. "Hope he makes them proud of him. They sacrificed a lot to give him an education. John said one thing that boy must have was learning! He certainly was proud of those report cards . . ."

"I'm told he isn't all John and Maggie would have him be," said Smith over his evening paper. "Don't keep Maggie . . . regular sick and dance round . . . and John wanted him to be a real man! But the kid is young, not twenty-five yet. He should turn out all right with folks like John and Maggie."

The night lengthened. One by one the men left headquarters. Two detectives dozed in an adjoining office. Chairs tipped back against the wall. Outside, Klein, the driver, whistled softly as he sprawled on the front seat of the patrol wagon. Then came the harsh ring of the bell, and every man was galvanized into action. Klein came to the door and awaited orders.

"Maloney called," announced Lieutenant Sladen swiftly. "Greenview Jail Station; Greenview and Sixteenth . . . holding . . . one got away . . . attendant injured."

It was scarcely ten minutes before the reverberating clang of the bell announced the return of the patrol wagon. The men grouped themselves about the desk as the prisoner, wringing his head on one side, Maloney, wringing his head on the other.

He was scarcely more than a boy—the prisoner—dressed in clothes of the latest mode, a tweed cap pulled at a rakish angle over his ears, a cigarette between his fingers. They stationed him before the desk.

"Take off that hat" snapped John Maloney. The young man looked up quickly obeyed.

"One got away," said Maloney shortly.

"I was patrolling Greenview when the machine ran into the oil station. I heard the attendant call out once, as this one," with a jerk of his thumb towards the prisoner, "got out. They were there last week, y'know. He plugged him . . . through the leg . . . hospital." He was speaking jerkily. "The fellow in the car . . . then drove off. This one turned . . . 'N I beat him to the draw. He . . . he . . ."

John Maloney leaned heavily against the desk, his hands fumbling at the buttons of his coat.

The boy had been watching him closely, twisting the dapper tweed cap between his hands. Murphy brought a glass of water but Maloney refused it.

"I've been layin' for these fellows. Knew I'd get 'em sooner or later. This one is a bad one . . . he don't care . . . for nobody . . . but himself. He'd kill his . . . own folks . . . to get away. . ."

He turned and walked slowly to the detectives' office and let himself down into an armed chair.

Lieutenant Sladen opened the book on the desk and picked up his pen.

"Well, John," he said slowly, "anything to say for yourself? I've been on the force many years but this is the hardest thing I have ever done . . . to put John Maloney's little tad behind the bars. You have killed something tonight. You have killed the spirit in your father's heart. His little tad . . ."

"Make it snappy, Lieutenant. I've got it comin'. I guess, but I didn't think the old man would take me in. I swear I didn't . . ."

"John Maloney has never flinched at doing his duty . . . for thirty-one years . . . he did it again tonight . . ."

Soviets wish to trade with the United States of America. A business deal usually calls for an assurance of well established credit on both sides.

Judging by the description, this new mechanical man, that announces himself and then sits down to dinner, must be a highly polished gentleman.

What ever became of the old-fashioned flashlight photograph that always put a lantern jaw on the fellow sitting in the lower right-hand corner?

A decree has been issued in Mexico against "pistol toting." This action is pretty sure to make inaugurations there in the future rather spiritless affairs.

When a fagged man arrives home in the evening slumps into a chair and asks, "What have you for dinner?" a wife is the dear thing that answers: "Why? Are you hungry?"

A cheap process for making talitex has been invented that promises to lead to their introduction into the home. The father of two small children isn't interested.

Anyway, the song that ended "How in the world can the old folks tell that it ain't goin' to rain no more" didn't give the old folks credit for much perspicacity.

An anti-tobacco leaflet says a cannibal won't touch the flesh of a man who has smoked tobacco, but personally, one would rather smoke here than smoke in a cannibal's stew pan.

Theaters promise better attractions than ever for next season. The abiding charm of the theater resides in its indomitable optimism, which almost invariably finds expression in at least one or two palpable lifts.

The Los Angeles Times says mournfully that nobody seems to love a man who is learning to play a trombone. Yet we have heard some trombone pupils who were less obnoxious than some loud speakers.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

The Bryant school, Miss Maud Salls, teacher, held a Halloween entertainment at the school house last Thursday evening, with the following program:

A Halloween Welcome Exercise
Song,
The Two Pumpkins, Bessie Libby
I Won't Forget, Herbert Libby
The Pumpkins Laugh, Edward Libby
Who's Afraid, Frank York
When Witches Ride, Addie Libby
The Cats of Halloween, David Libby
Jack O'Lantern,
Ronald and Francis Brooks

Nothing to Be Afraid of, Albert Ring
Grandmother's Charm, William Libby
A Wise Boy, Robert York
Jolly Halloween Exercise,
Her Fortune, Vera Dunham

After the program pop corn and candy were sold. Fortunes were told. A fish pond was in evidence. A bottle filled with yellow corn was guessed on.

Livewood Ring guessing within 20 kernels of the number, won the box of chocolates. Games were played. The amount taken was \$10.

Miss Eunice Salls and Gwendolyn Swann of Locke Mills were guests of Winifred Bryant last Thursday night.

Miss Ruby Day of Locke Mills was the guest of Hope and Norma Ring Thursday night.

There was an apple bee at Newton Bryant's last Tuesday evening with 30 friends and neighbors present. Ten and one half bushels of apples were strung, after which a baked bean supper was served.

Orlan York went to Andover a few days last week hunting with Charles Mason. Mrs. Mason and children visited Mrs. York while they were away.

Mrs. Mabel Dunham and Mrs. Margaret Bryant attended Pomona Grange at Bethel Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bryant and Fred Blake were guests at Newton Bryant's a few days this week.

Miss Vera Dunham visited friends at Locke Mills last Friday night and attended the Halloween entertainment.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Mont Brooks, who were married last Saturday. Mrs. Brooks was formerly Miss Eunice Hall. All the neighbors and friends are wishing them many years of health and happiness.

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

Freeport—Lane Construction Co. of Meriden, Conn., received contract to construct 7.56 miles of highway that will complete gap in Portland road through this town, which will cost about \$144,682.

Houlton Indoor golf course to be opened here.

Augusta—During first nine months of this year, territory served by Central Maine Power Co. used over eight per cent more electricity than preceding year.

Portland—New 45-ton capacity crane at Portland Terminal Co. started operations.

York—Addition to high school building may be completed.

Bethel—Work started on property purchased by Mrs. Shaw.

Portland—A. R. Wright Co. of Commercial St. to obtain controlling interest and take over holdings of Kennebec Coal & Wood Co. of this city.

Bumford—Construction of new Ford steam plant progressing rapidly.

Portland—Bids opened for construction of city's new hospital.

Bumford—Work started on miniature golf course at N. E. Brown's place, East Bumford.

Presque Isle—Excavation nearing completion for addition to Presque Isle Hotel.

Brunswick—Indoor golf course to open in quarters near Western Union of

See, in Tondreau Block.

Rumford—Work started on highway on Concord River road.

Nearly all parts of road from Brunswick to Portland now open with both lanes in use.

Gardiner—Board of Trade's Wagner Shoe Factory on Summer Street being converted into miniature golf course.

Rumford—Stage of Acadia Theatre enlarged.

Bridge across Androscoggin River between Livermore and Livermore Falls will be altered and repaired during coming winter at cost of about \$26,000.

Rumford—Branch of M. F. Burgess Grain Co., of Rumford Center, opened in building formerly occupied by Swift & Co., at 22 Railroad Street.

Bridge to span Georges River between Warren and Thomaston nearing completion.

Augusta—Maine Hospital Association formed here.

Bethel—Federal building for local immigration inspectors will be built at cost of \$13,000.

Bumford—Addition planned to be constructed to local school building.

Bumford—S. D. Warren Co. of Boston, paper manufacturers, completed planting 250,000 little forest trees on their lands near here.

Portland—200,000 pounds of fish caught during one day here recently, largest fish day city has experienced in several years.

Orland Beach—City and State building new highway on East Grand Avenue.

First shipment of wild rice arrived to be planted in many parts of Maine for attracting wild ducks. Brunswick Record.

Thomaston—Montpelier, General Knox Memorial building at this place, nearing completion.

Waterville—Third annual Maine Economic Conference will be held Nov. 7.

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The Handsome Man

by
MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by
IRVIN MYERS

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W. N. D. Service.

ated that he was to sit on the fallen bandit and tie him up.

Still keeping himself below the glass of the partition and away from the doorway, Sir George picked up the



Sir George Crawled Noiselessly and Slowly Behind the Desk.

CHAPTER I.—Returning to London, a particularly peaceful, after an unsuccessful business trip to South America, Sir George Sanderson takes dinner with his wife and mother. He is a man of about thirty, with a pleasant face, and a well-cut suit. He is sitting at the head of the table, and is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER II.—With his young daughter, Roberta, MacBeth is living in his estate, an island. The girl is a victim of arthritis and is almost physically helpless. Leaving her father, after a long and painful day, she goes to her room. She is looking at a small object in her hand.

CHAPTER III.—MacBeth is in a state of mind. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER IV.—Roberta tells her father that she is "not interested" in Sir George. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER V.—In Philadelphia, a "business man," of which variety is one, discusses the possibility of making the pay roll, which has all been MacBeth's objective. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER VI.—The girl drives Sir George to the hotel. She is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER VII.—During the dance, Sir George sees Roberta. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sir George is interested in the pursuit of a listener at the window by Roberta. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER IX.—The bank manager was ready for Sir George when he entered. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

CHAPTER X.—The bank manager was ready for Sir George when he entered. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand. He is looking at a small object in his hand.

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by the "Lord" with a "knew" where the leak was? When I find out there will be trouble."

Robert stared at him. "Do you mean to say, Father, that you believe all this impossible story about him holding one robber by the feet, while he shot the other from over the partition? And leaving them lying where they fell, ran out and single-handed stopped a car full of desperadoes who were shooting right and left?"

"Her father turned a wary eye on her. 'Well, Roberta, I dare say that there has been some little exaggeration, but as he's a very tall man, with a very long reach, and better than all, as he has a good Scots head on top of his shoulders, it's possible.'"

"Were you expecting him to come right back to you, Robert, or what?" demanded his sister.

"I left that," Robert MacBeth said rather sullenly, "to his discretion."

Roberta laughed again. "Oh, he's discreet enough, Father. You're safe in trusting his discretion, as far as his own side or interests are concerned."

"How should I know?" MacBeth countered irritably. "He can, as you say, look after himself."

But in his own mind he was thinking with an anxiety that amazed him. Why doesn't he come home, since his program has been cut in pieces?

Sir George went slowly up the towpath. He was not easy in his mind. He had not allowed for an open attack on the bank this morning, concentrating the attention of the public and the police on him.

Some one had undoubtedly given the other side a hint, and it had evidently been their aim to set the money before it left the bank. The question was, since that attempt had failed, did they know he was scheduled to collect the payroll money from the bank today?

It was a difficult problem, for the desperate gang really knew his errand he would be doing a very foolhardy thing in walking up the towpath alone. He found it hard to believe that they could know positively and was fully persuaded that the chances were against their conceiving that he would venture alone with such a sum of money on his person. Anyway, Ray Browne was on the lookout. He was not really alone.

He was exceedingly troubled by the fact that his mind continually swung round to the thought that Roberta might be tangled up in this. Why it should be so he did not quite understand, except that his suspicion of this man, who had been lurking about her estate to worry him. Her attitude of distrust and some of her hints as to his own bad reputation made him sure that some one was slandering him, but who would take the trouble, and why, he could not comprehend.

All the way up from the bank to the bridge and after August had taken the car, as he walked and his walk up the towpath he had been wondering whether he was a weak man, or a fool, or perhaps in his folly. He had a sudden thought that he was not by Ray Browne, as they had planned.

He decided that his hesitation was working overtime because he was hungry. He took out a packet of sandwiches, which Lady Sanderson had put in the car for him, and unwrapped one. Slowly walking along, one hand in his pocket, eating again a piece, he began to march.

There was something like a jump in his heart, for he had in the quiet place where he had been looking for it, of course, had come and would have found him. He had been looking for it, of course, had come and would have found him. He had been looking for it, of course, had come and would have found him.

In fact, nothing had happened but he was walking along and eating it. He was walking along and eating it. He was walking along and eating it. He was walking along and eating it.

The canoe came nearer and he could see the young man in it, sitting around looking about him. He realized then that, where he was, he was well hidden and the canoeist must come close to see under the bridge. The man stopped paddling. Up and down he looked shading his eyes with his hand.

Sir George had a strong feeling that this was a scout looking for him. He determined to find out. He walked from under the bridge to the middle of the towpath. He could have sworn that his movements were without noise, yet something was overheard as seen by the man in the canoe, for looking back Sir George saw he was gazing directly at him. Quickly the canoe began to turn about to go back down the canal.

Sir George had also used his eyes and he felt confident that the man was the same dark-haired fellow he had seen with Roberta that night on the towpath. Unless he was very much mistaken he was also the youth who had fled in the canoe the night of the party and if he was, then somewhere, at some time, Sir George had known him.

It was decidedly odd and suspicious that he should turn up here and at the first glimpse of Sir George hurry away. It might, of course, be that hiding him here, the fellow was simply hurrying back to find Roberta alone. There would tell, but as this counted in this game and Sir George had a good skill walk to the trysting

place, he hurried on.

As he turned his back on the canoe and its occupant he knew in a flash, and positively, who the man was. His mind's eye pictured the deck of the steamer he had taken from Central America. Jack Navarro! Why had he been so stupid all this time? That oily snake would be the very man to poison a girl's mind against him.

Halfway between the island and the construction camp another quaint little bridge crosses the canal. Here Ray Browne waited.

Browne sat near the bridge beside his car smoking a cigarette, and rising every few minutes to survey both towpath and canal. After each survey he sank back impatiently, keeping an eye on the road. Presently he saw Sir George running along the towpath.

He started his engine running. Sir George flung himself into the car with hardly a word of greeting. "Get on with it, and don't stop to talk. I'm hot and bothered. I think I've been followed. There's a fellow in a canoe who could easily land anywhere on the bank near the road and inform a waiting motor."

Ray started the car, and once out on the road, he began to show what he knew about speed, and it was not until they had passed several miles in their journey that Ray asked:

"See now, don't I?"

"Nothing's safe until the workmen have the money in their pockets. The bank was held up this morning."

"What?"

Sir George nodded. "Three armed fellows, but I'll tell you. But when they were round the bend there was a motor car, obviously going to block the road, while out on the canal bank, looking up and down the towpath, were three men. Without hesitation Ray, who knew the road, ran up on the bank, passed the motor car, and went on at full speed. They followed back and saw the motor running toward the car."

Ray and Sir George looked at each other.

"That's what I saw in the canoe," spread the news that he had heard up the river. It doesn't look healthy here to me."

"Say no more."

The road seemed comparatively safe going, and Ray took curves and corners in a highly exciting manner. Sir George did nothing to discourage him.

They caught the sound of a motor boat on the canal. There was nothing unusual in a motor boat coming along the canal, but when a shot came from the motor boat and the narrow-gauge man in the motor boat, he judged it to be an unusual motor boat.

"Zigzag," he shouted. "Where do your guards begin?"

"Round the next curve."

Look back at least long enough to allow them to rock around the next curve.

A car was waiting there, with one of the workmen seated in it. Sir George waved a hand, and as the car went by, he followed and he called, "Don't start another. I'll have it then, I don't start another."

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The workmen's cars, as they came, had opened out their formation and now formed a long alley, one on each side through which moved the disabled car in which Sir George and his companion sat. As their car wobbled slowly forward the other cars closed in behind it, three deep. Sir George and his companion went on their way through this line of cars toward the camp. As they did so their pursuers fired and the foremost workers returned their fire.

To be Continued.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW

QUESTIONS

1. Who was the first king of Israel?
2. From whom was the Louisiana purchase made?
3. Which is the largest river in the United States?
4. What is the largest city in the world?
5. What is the largest city in the world?
6. What is the largest city in the world?
7. What is the largest city in the world?
8. What is the largest city in the world?
9. What is the largest city in the world?
10. What is the largest city in the world?
11. What is the largest city in the world?
12. What is the largest city in the world?

ANSWERS

to Last Week's Questions

1. Adam.
2. From Napoleon Bonaparte, France.
3. The Mississippi River.
4. New York City.
5. New York City.
6. New York City.
7. New York City.
8. New York City.
9. New York City.
10. New York City.
11. New York City.
12. New York City.

7. Napoleon Bonaparte.
8. Thirteen.
9. Seven thousand.
10. John D. Rockefeller.
11. Roger W. Babson.
12. Opium.

LOCKE MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Tibbets were in Lewiston Saturday.

John Tibbets entertained several of his playmates at a Halloween party at his home from five until seven Friday.

Among his guests were Claire Tibbets, Gordon and David Roberts, Robert and Edith Kemiston, Theodore and Philip Cummings, Mary Davis and Anne Ring. Refreshments of cookies, sandwiches, candy and fruit punch were served. Games were played and a good time enjoyed by all.

Vernon Redding, Silas Keniston, Hermon Cummings and Clarence Waterhouse are on a hunting trip to the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bailey were in Bethel Saturday evening.

Mrs. Hannah Cummings and George Cummings were in Lewiston Thursday.

Mrs. Hannah Cudde is staying nights with Mrs. John Farrington.

The girls of the Y. W. Clubs were at South Paris Saturday.

Watch this Space for Dates

Byes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist

over Rowe's Store

Know What You Buy

Nationally Advertised Goods are sold by Bethel Merchants

The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

Buy Nationally Advertised Goods in Bethel

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| APOLLO COCOLES | W. E. Bosserman |
| ATWATER KENT Radios and Tubes, | Edw. P. Lyon |
| BAY STATE PAINTS and Varnishes, | D. Grover Brooks |
| BIRD S ROOFING, SHINGLES, etc., | D. Grover Brooks |
| CELLOLUX | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| COMMONLY SILVERWARE | J. P. Butts, Hardware |
| COMMONLY and WM ROGERS PLATE, | Edw. P. Lyon |
| CONCRETE ART SQUARES, | D. Grover Brooks |
| CRACKER CASES, Glass Better Shells for Everybody, | M. A. Naimay |
| EXIDE BATTERIES, | Crockett's Garage |
| FISK and FIRESTONE TIRES, | Herrick Bros. Co. |
| FORD PRODUCTS, | Herrick Bros. Co. |
| FRIGIDAIRE—Sales and Service, | J. P. Butts, Hardware |
| GOODRICH RUBBERS, | ROWE'S |
| GOODRICH TIRES, | Crockett's Garage |
| GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES, | Central Service Station |
| JAMSON & HUBBARD Hats and Caps, | ROWE'S |
| MURPHY'S VARNISHES and Stains, | J. P. Butts, Hardware |
| MYERS PUMPS, | D. Grover Brooks |
| NEFONSET WALL BOARD, | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| OAKLAND-PONTIAC Automobiles, | Crockett's Garage |
| PLASTER BOARD, Bestwall and Gypsum, | H. I. Bean, Bldg. Material |
| POWDERPAINT, | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| PYREX WARE, | J. P. BUTTS, Hardware |
| RADIOLA, Majestic, Stoinite, Crosley Radios, | Crockett's Garage |
| ROYAL TYPEWRITERS, | The Oxford County Citizen |
| STANLEY TOOLS, | D. Grover Brooks |
| STANLEY and Millers Falls Tools, | J. P. Butts, Hardware |
| TOWN AND COUNTRY Sport Togs, | ROWE'S |
| VICTOR RADIO AND VICTOR RECORDS | E. F. LYON |
| WALK OVER SHOES, | ROWE'S |

